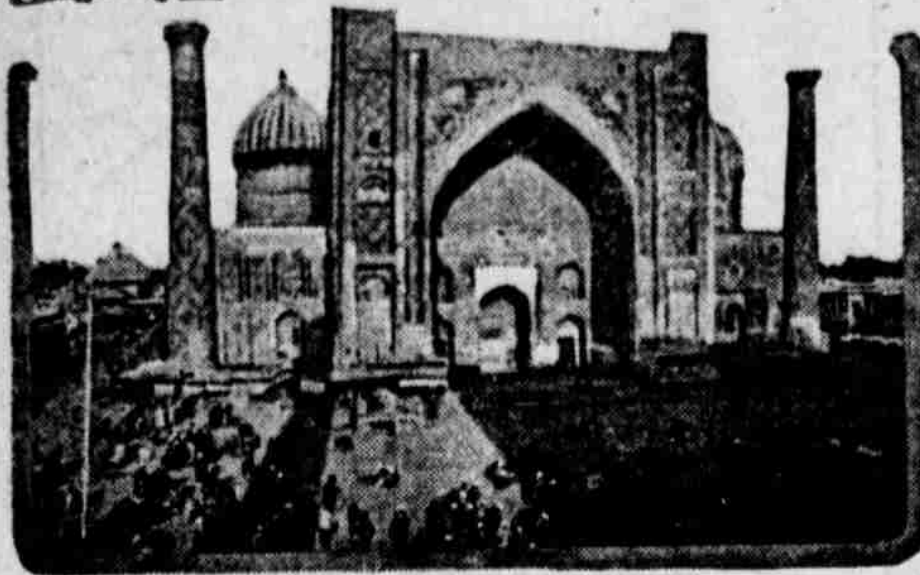


In Placid Turkestan



THE MEDRESE OF SHIR-DAR, SAMARKAND

AT LAST I have discovered a country where the war is almost unknown, where normal conditions reign, and where life is going on just as it has for the last 2,000 years, unmoved by what is passing over it, writes Montgomery Schuyler to the New York Times. Not easy of access to foreigners at any time, Russian Turkestan, since the beginning of the war, has been a terra incognita to the traveler, and so far as I am aware I was the first to visit it since that time. The country is always under military rule and since its annexation by the Russian empire has been administered as a military territory by the war office. Through the necessary official channels I obtained permission to visit Turkestan, accompanied by my wife, and started off from Petrograd in the middle of a snowstorm with intense cold and every evidence of midwinter.

We arrived after some five and a half days' steady traveling at Tashkent, the administrative capital of Russian Turkestan.

This is a new city built by the Russians after the occupation of the neighboring districts between 1865 and 1868. It is laid out in the manner of all new Russian places, with wide boulevards radiating from a center as planned and running straight out into the country



TYPES IN THE BAZAAR

through fields and swamps, looking confidently to the future for the growth and population to come, for in the Russian empire, as nowhere else, the people follow the flag, and, indeed, sometimes precede it in this part of the world.

Tashkent is obviously and unmistakably a city of the future, and allowance must be made for its present straggling character. There are, however, many handsome administrative buildings and military and educational establishments.

Beautiful in Early Spring.

Turkestan is now reached from Petrograd and Moscow by railway via Orenburg to Tashkent, or across the Caspian by steamer, a sea trip of only about 36 hours from Baku to Krasnovodsk. The most interesting way to go is as we did, out by Tashkent and back through Krasnovodsk and Baku. At Tashkent I was joined by a Russian officer, who had been detailed to accompany me on my travels in Turkestan, and who proved to be not only a charming companion, but of great help in arranging the details of the journey and in getting the necessary transportation and accommodations.

We had already begun to feel the coming of spring after leaving the Ural mountains near Orenburg, and as we sped or rather crawled south and east the snow disappeared and the air became milder and balmy until as we stepped out of the train at Tashkent we were in the full glory of the early spring. There are few lovelier sights than the coming of spring after the damp and unpleasant winter of Turkestan. There is hardly ever any wind in Tashkent, and the calm day after day is curious to the stranger within its gates. The rain and warm weather rapidly bring on the vegetation, and soon everything is covered with a delicate green, which blends with the pink and brown mud walls, the clear blue

of the sky, and the glittering gold and yellow of the Russian Orthodox church edifices.

From Tashkent we started on a detour of Kokand, seeing en route the fertile cotton fields of the Ferghana and Kokand districts, of which the city of Skobolovo is the administrative center. This town also is new and without interest. Some miles away is the old and ruined city which it has replaced, whose crumbling mud walls and deserted streets bear witness to the power of the railroad to draw people to itself.

Dead Age is Revitalized.

From Andijan, near the border of Chinese Turkestan, the Transcaspian railroad stretches to the port of Krasnovodsk, on the shore of the Caspian sea, a distance of more than 1,100 miles, but the portion between Kokand and Andijan is without interest for the traveler except for occasional views of snow-covered mountains on the Chinese frontier. But on leaving Kokand for the trip to the Caspian, we leave the newer cities of the Russian occupation and enter regions of old civilization and historic and archeological interest. After a dusty journey through unwatered plains we reached the old and delightful city of Samarkand, known to all students as one of the outlying seats of Greek culture. The present town of Samarkand is the third city to be erected on practically the same spot, although the oldest Greek settlement was laid out perhaps three miles from the present site. There is little to be seen of the place now except bricks and outlines of buildings covered for the most part deeply in the sand which had drifted and blown over them for so long.

Bazaars Are Interesting.

But it is not alone for its memories of the past that Samarkand is interesting to the traveler. There is a busy but always sedate and grave business present in the city, and a stroll around the bazaars is full of surprises. The streets of the native town are only just wide enough for one carriage at a time, and traffic would be greatly blocked if there were more than a very few horse-drawn vehicles in the city. As it is, nearly all freight and farm products are brought in on camels or on donkeys. The latter are the same sturdy, gray, and intelligent little beasts seen throughout the East and in Mexico and South America. They take their duties solemnly and refuse to be distracted by noise and confusion. Whole processions of the little fellows pass through the narrow ways or stop to be unloaded in front of the shops, which are nothing more than platforms built at the side of the street and surrounded with shelves for merchandise. Some of the streets in the bazaar are so narrow that they are like corridors in a building, and are covered from the houses on each side by arched roofs, so that one can walk around and keep dry even in the hardest rain.

On all sides there sit, gravely sipping their endless cups of tea and eating sweetmeats and dried fruits, the dark-faced merchants, many of them with long beards dyed red and with green turbans, showing that they have made the long holy pilgrimage to Mecca. The brilliance and charm of the scene are extraordinary. Men and women are clad in long, flowing gowns of the brightest silks in startling but always harmonious combinations—yellow, red, blue, and green.

Not infrequently the little streets are dwarfed by the appearance of a long string of camels bringing huge bales of cotton or the heavier kinds of freight from the country districts. These animals are picturesquely, but so stupid and vicious that they have to be tied in a long line with one of the intelligent little donkeys in front to show them where to go.

The next city of importance on the line of the railway on the way to Krasnovodsk is Bokhara. The old historic town is some five miles from the railroad, with which it is connected by a branch line and by one of the worst carriage roads I have ever been over.

New Bokhara or Kagan is the seat of a Russian political agent, who is the representative of the imperial government at the court of the emir of Bokhara, the most important native sovereign of this part of the world.

In its way Bokhara is the most interesting of all the old cities of Turkestan. It was for centuries celebrated as a theological center of Mohammedanism.

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The torture of rheumatism, the pains and aches that make life unbearable are relieved by Sloan's Liniment, a clean clear liquid that is easy to apply and more effective than mussy plasters or ointments because it penetrates quickly without rubbing. For the many pains and aches following exposure, strains, and muscle soreness, Sloan's Liniment is promptly effective. Always have a bottle handy for gout, lumbago, toothache, backache, stiff neck and all external pains. At druggists 25c. Adv—1

TO SAVE TIES FOR FUEL

Orders have been issued by the Union Pacific railroad to discontinue the custom of piling discarded ties along the right-of-way and burning them. Hereafter the ties will be given to farmers along the line in payment for their services as fire guards on company property. Other roads in Nebraska are to take similar action, it is said.

You Need a Spring Laxative

Dr. King's New Life Pills will remove the accumulated wastes of winter from your intestines, the burden of the blood. Get that sluggish spring fever feeling out of your system, brighten your eye, clear your complexion. Get that vim and snap of good purified healthy blood. Dr. King's New Life Pills are a non-gripping laxative that aids nature's process, try them tonight. At all druggists, 25c. Adv—1

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Wednesday, Sept. 19th

The Following Described Stock and Property:

About 22 acres of Corn in the field; About 20 tons of Alfalfa and Hay; About 6 acres of Potatoes, reserving 100 bushels for my own use.

Horses and Colts

- 1 Brown Mare "Brownie" 9 years old.
- 1 Brown Mare "Bird" 9 years old.
- 1 Black Mare "Colly" 9 years old.
- 1 Bay Mare "Mabel" 8 years old.
- 1 Black Mare "Maud" 11 years old.
- 1 Yearling Black Horse Colt "King."
- 1 Yearling Black Mare Colt "Fannie."
- 1 Sucking Colt with Mare "Mabel."
- 1 Sucking Colt with Mare "Colly."

Cattle

- 14 head red milk cows, in calf, will be fresh between Nov. 1st and Dec. 15th,
- 7 head of heifer calves,
- 4 head of steer calves,
- 1 Red Short-Horn Pedigreed Bull, 2 years old

Implements, Household Furniture, Etc.

McCormick binder; Deering mower; Sattley cultivator; Rock Island plow, has only plowed about forty acres; 12 disc harrow; 16 disc harrow; McCormick hay rake; Van Brunt 14-disc pressed drill; potato planter; potato cutter; Hoover potato digger, almost new; Aspinwall potato sorter, new; 3-horse-power gasoline engine; Johnston & Field fanning mill and bagger; 2-section harrow; 3-section harrow with riding sulky; 16-foot clod masher; incubator; DeLavel separator; cow yokes; telephone fixings; several 3- and 4-horse eveners; walking plow; breaking plow; wheelbarrow; pump jack; bob sled; 55-gallon gasoline tank; 1 complete McGee cement post forms; water tank; milk pails; forks; horse collars; sweat pads; 1 single harness; 1 set light driving harness; 2 sets heavy harness; 1 set iron double-trees and other articles, to numerous to mention.

Kitchen safe, commodes; cots; springs; mattresses; 2 folding beds; center tables; kitchen tables; dining table; heater; gas-line stove; kitchen stove; coal oil stove; hanging lamp, etc., etc.

FREE LUNCH AT 11:30

TERMS: 12 months time at 10 per cent interest on security approved by the clerks. Amounts of \$10.00 or less, cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

W. M. Robinson, Owner

Col. S. A. Grimes, Auctioneer
Hemingford, Nebraska

C. J. Wildy, F. L. Potmesil, Clerks
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